Retold and Illustrated by
Fred Crump, Jr.

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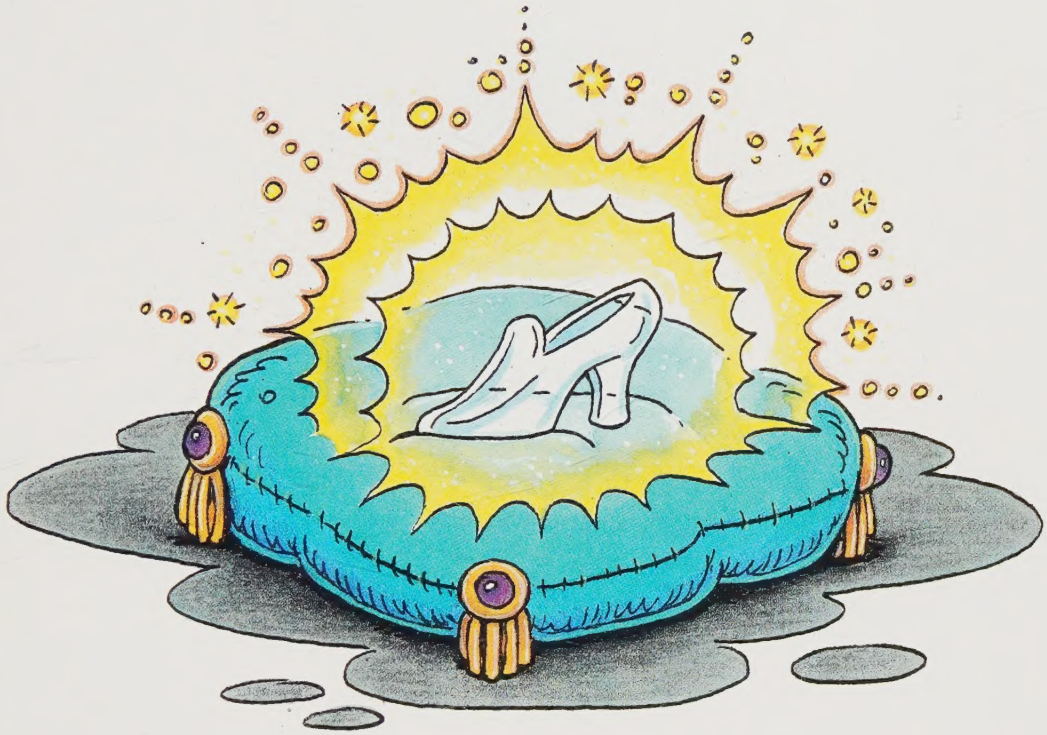
Cinderella



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TO SOW THE FALLOW SOIL

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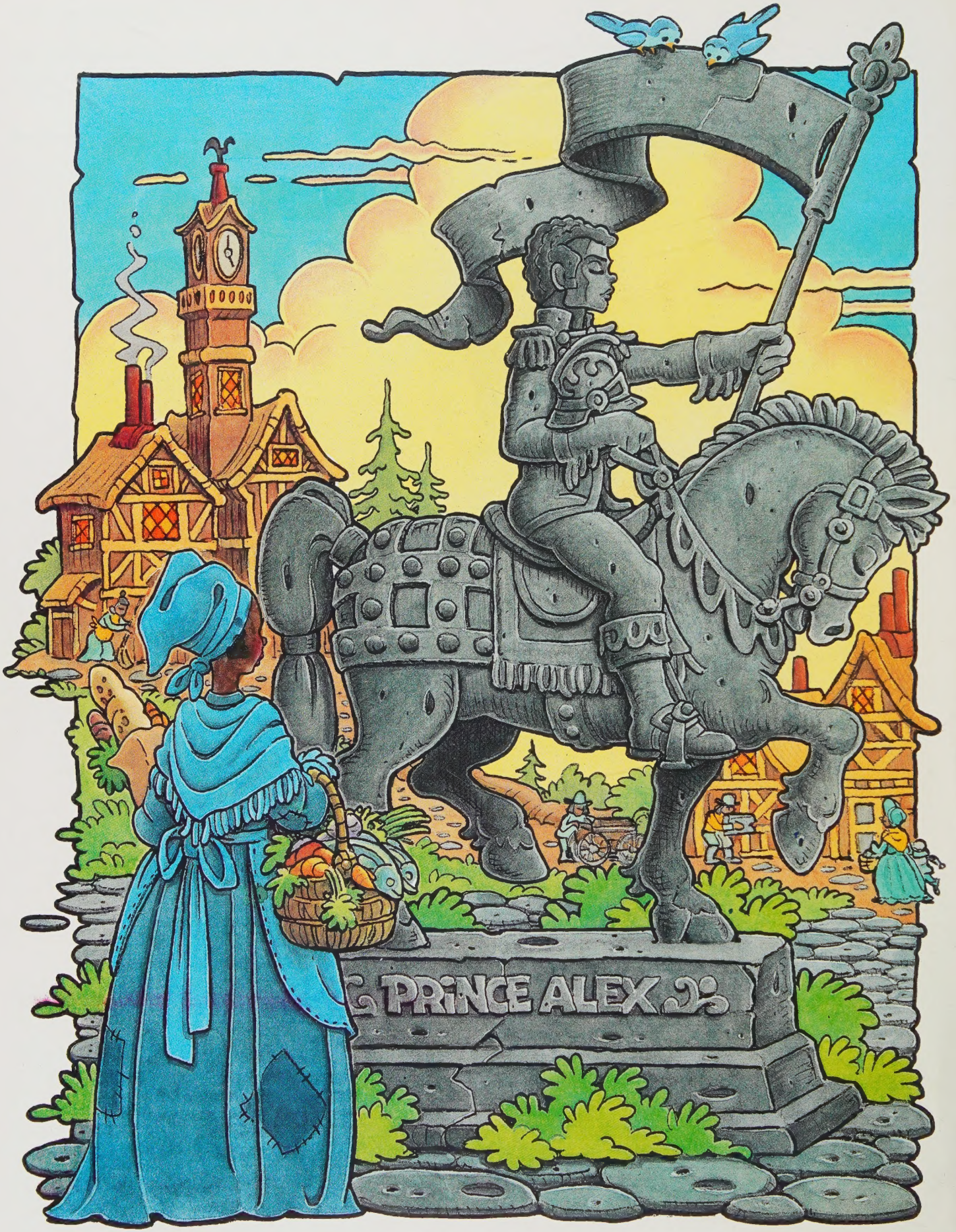
PRINCE ALEX

Cinderella
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nce, long ago in a faraway kingdom, there lived a lovely young girl named Ella.

Her father died and she had become little more than a servant in her own home. Her stepmother was harsh and demanding and her stepsisters treated her unfairly.

One of her chores was cleaning the ashes and cinders from the fireplaces, and so her rude stepsisters began calling her Cinderella. But through it all, Cinderella kept her manners and tried to hold back her tears.

One day while Cinderella was in the village doing the marketing, she saw a group of people reading a proclamation. She went closer and read,

"Royal Birthday Ball"
"His Imperial Highness,
King Albert III, invites his loyal
subjects to a ball to celebrate the 21st
birthday of Prince Alex to be held
at 9:00, the evening of October 13th
at the Royal Palace."

"Oh, that is tomorrow night," she said. "Perhaps I can patch up one of my old dresses and borrow some beads and a ribbon from my stepsisters . . . and . . . we can all go to the ball together."

Royal Ball

ut, alas! When the ladies at home heard about the ball, all became chaos.

Drusilla and Priscilla demanded first one dress be prepared, then another . . . and another. Their shoes had to be cleaned and polished, hair ribbons curled, dozens of petticoats starched and ironed, wigs combed and many buckets of hot bath water had to be carried, and her stepmother had an even longer list of demands.

And so . . . by the evening of the ball, Cinderella had found no time to prepare herself or work on a gown.

h, dear," said the stepmother when she saw Cinderella all ragged and bedraggled on the stairs. "The carriage is here and we cannot wait for you. You really *must* learn not to dawdle so, my dear. Perhaps you can be ready on time for the *next* ball."

"If she starts now," laughed Drusilla. And then, giggling and glittering in their grand finery, the three ladies swept out the door.

Some of the tears Cinderella had been holding back for so long trickled down her cheeks.

inderella went to the kitchen and sank down on a bench by the fireplace.

"Well," she said sadly to the broom she was holding, "I don't guess you would care to dance with a rag-tag like me, would you?"

"Wouldn't you prefer to dance with the prince?" said a tinkly little voice as a soft glow filled the room.

And Cinderella looked up to see a tiny little fairy with a sparkly wand. "Oh! Who are you?" she asked in a surprised voice.

"I am your fairy godmother, my dear. And I am here to see that you go to the ball."

"But, just look at me, and . . ."

"No buts," twittered the little fairy. "Now we must go out into the garden and gather a few things. And you can bring that pumpkin by the fireplace."

ut the pumpkin on the ground," said the fairy godmother. "And by that rock you will find two mice, by the well two lizards, and under that mushroom a frog. Bring them."

Cinderella did as she was told. Then the fairy pointed her magic wand and said:

"Cockle shells and macaronis,
You two mice will turn to ponies.

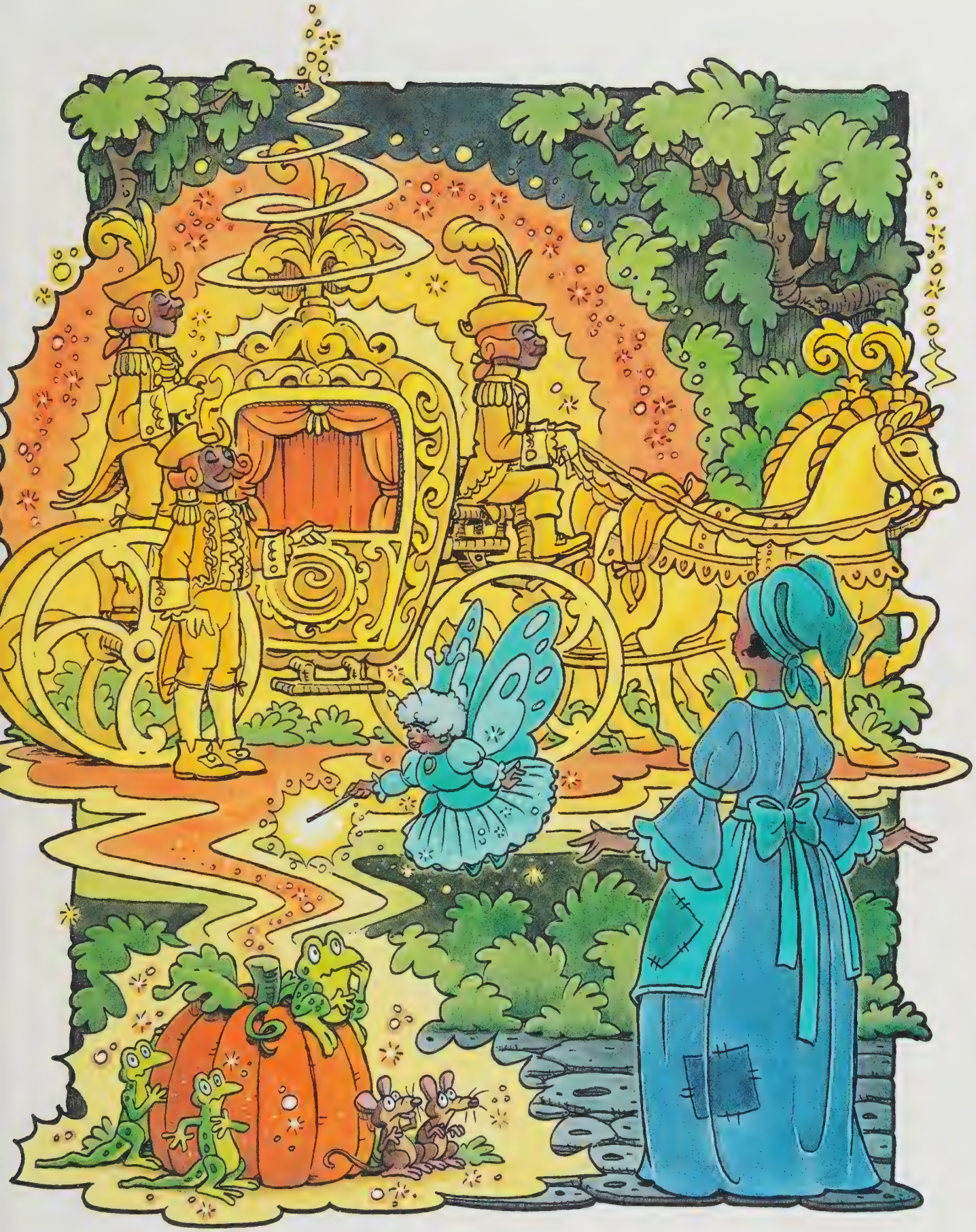
Golden fruit, I tap you thumpkin,
Be a carriage, not a pumpkin.

With a spell of ancient wizards,
I make two footmen out of lizards.

And one more change, my polliwog,
To a coachman from a frog."

And with a snap! crackle! pop! and the twinkle of star dust, there stood a most magnificent carriage, two prancing ponies, a coachman and two splendid footmen.

Cinderella was delighted and speechless.



nd *now*, my dear," said the fairy godmother, "let us see if I have enough sparkle left to create a ball gown. Close your eyes," she said. Then she pointed her wand at Cinderella and sang,

"Bring us stars from far off places,
And brilliant jewels and fancy laces.

And make of these a new creation,
A dress to be a great sensation.

And then for such a pretty lass,
We need some slippers made of glass."

There was a twinkle of light and a tinkle of magical music . . . and Cinderella opened her eyes, wearing a most beautiful glittering ball gown.

"Oh, it is all too marvelous," said Cinderella. "How can I ever thank you?"

"By remembering, my dear," she said, "that the magic wears off at midnight. You must leave before the clock tolls twelve."

Now into the carriage and off you go," said the fairy. "And do remember!" she said.

"I will watch the clock," laughed Cinderella, and the magic carriage raced off into the night.

When they reached the castle it was aglow with many lights, and from within came the strains of beautiful music.

hen Cinderella reached the front steps she was ushered by the dazzled royal doorman to the ballroom. She paused at the curtained entrance, and a hush spread over the room as all eyes turned to look at her.

Prince Alex had until this moment refused to dance . . . but at his first sight of Cinderella he moved across the floor as if in a trance. As he took her hand and led her into the ballroom the royal orchestra began a stately waltz. From that moment on he had eyes for no other.

he whispers and gossip raced around the great hall. "She is a princess in disguise . . . she is the daughter of a wealthy merchant . . . she is a queen from Persia . . ." But no one, not even her stepmother and stepsisters recognized the dazzling guest as Cinderella.

And as they danced the night away together they felt the magic of love.

The time passed swiftly. And then . . . the village clock began to strike the hour of midnight.

Without a word or glance back, Cinderella left the prince and ran quickly out of the castle and down the stairs. The puzzled prince gave chase and called after her. . . .

"Wait! I do not even know your name."

Just then she lost one of the glass slippers, but still she ran.

he prince paused to pick up the slipper, and when he looked again, the beautiful girl was nowhere in sight.

But, had he looked more closely . . .

. . . at the bottom of the palace steps there was a ragged serving maid, a shattered pumpkin, two mice, two lizards and a frog. The magic was over. Cinderella gathered up the little animals in her apron and trudged home.

he next day the kingdom was in a turmoil. The king issued a royal proclamation that prince Alex would marry the young lady whose foot could fit the glass slipper.

And the prince himself went from house to house, searching for the mysterious owner of the lost shoe. When he came to Cinderella's house the stepsisters tried desperately to squeeze their clod-hopper feet into the delicate slipper.

But neither could manage more than a few toes.

Cinderella came down the stairs and said, "Let me try it, please."

nd, of course the slipper fit perfectly. Then, as everyone stood around open-mouthed, the fairy godmother swooped down the chimney and into the room.

"Well, let us see now," she said in her tinkly little voice, "if I can do that trick again," and . . .

. . . with a wave of her wand, Cinderella was once more transformed into a dazzling vision.

The stepmother screeched and swooned and Drusilla and Priscilla were left speechless.

Then . . . the prince and Cinderella left in his carriage, and . . .

ived happily ever after.

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